The D. Jay Rockhill

MECHANICAL'S BULL-SESSION

CLASS of '30

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

The spirit of good fellowship shown by the following letters is dedicated to Lawrence Edwin Allen, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence E. Allen.

FOREWORD

I, a stranger, have been asked by Mr. Nelson to write a foreword to this booklet. I fully appreciate the honor he has done me and unhesitatingly accede to his request.

"Ships that pass in the night" is so often a sad thought, particularly when it applies to friend "ships" and acquaintance "ships".

How often does one look back on college days and "wonder" - wonder what has become of So and So and Such and Such. Is he married? Single? or has he left this hectic planet for a more peaceful one, or is he in some remote corner of the world doing a man's work, - unknown - unsung?

Again, has his brilliance, so often admired by his classmates, become extinguished and obliterated by the rush and strain of "existence"?

Is he the "shining light" we had expected him to be or has his spirit been broken on the wheel of fate?

In the first flush of exultant graduation, such thoughts seldom enter the minds of youth. It is in middle life that one begins to think of those things.

The Mechanical students of Iowa Engineering College of 1930 Graduation Class, are, in the twilight of their college days, trying to avoid these sad, uncertain thoughts, and bind the friendship of their Youth by ties, ties, which if continued in the spirit of their inception will leave no room for doubt. It is a worthy effort, an effort worthy of the greatest Success.

It was the suggestion of Professor C. O. Croft, head of the Mechanical Department, that such a book be started. He is to be heartily congratulated and deeply respected for the thought. May his kindly thought and idea be crowned with Success.

Mr. Wallace E. Nelson was chosen by his "companions in graduation" to act as permanent secretary. How far his classmates were justified in their choice, this booklet will tell.

Amongst the many great things this scheme should do, are:

Spur the retiring student to even greater efforts in his battle of life, to greater ambitions, to the highest ideals, so that he may send his annual report with "pardonable pride" and thereby be another "shining example" of what the College is capable of producing.

"BE YE RICH AS CROESUS YE CAN ILL AFFORD TO LOOSE A FRIEND"

Sincerely yours,

E. L. Hampshire

Ernest L. Hampshire,
5100 Kenwood Avenue, Hyde Park,
Chicago, Illinois.

Iowa City, Iowa
December 20, 1930

Mr. Wallace Nelson, Secretary
Mechanical Engineering Class 1930
1415 Byron St.
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Nelson:

It is indeed a pleasure to write you the first annual letter and give you and the Class of 1930 a brief summary of the functioning of our department since your class graduated.

You may be interested in knowing that the enrollment in our department is now the largest of any in the College of Engineering with twenty-two men in the Senior Class, forty men in the Junior Class and thirty-four in the Sophomore Class (which will probably be increased by transfers at the beginning of the Junior year).

The size of the staff has been increased by the addition of a half-time assistant, Mr. B. H. Bush, a graduate of the Naval Academy and who is taking graduate work in Mechanical Engineering.

The final revision of the New Mechanical Engineering Laboratories Building is under way in the Architect's office and we hope that actual construction will start the first part of January. Those of you who were not here during the Fall will be glad to know that the Old Power Plant on the site of our new building has been dismantled and that corner is now ready for construction to start. We hope that many of you will be here for "Homecoming" next year so that you may inspect the completed structure.

Funds have been asked for to buy new equipment and to replace some of the old so that by two years from now our laboratory should compare favorably with any in the country, but of course, it will not be as large as some.

Research work is being carried on industriously by members of the staff. Professor Caywood is perfecting the Gyro-accellerometer for determining the riding qualities of cars and before long will have something to publish on the subject. Professor Barnes is starting work on high-speed time study work using a moving picture machine. Mr. Bush and the writer are developing an instrument to measure the radiation in boiler furnaces. Mr. O'Brien is developing instruments for the Psychology Department.

On behalf of the Department, let me assure the Class of 1930 that we want to keep in touch with each man and that we want to hear from each man at least once a year.

Wishing the Class of 1930 a happy Christmas and a most successful New Year, I am

Very truly yours,

Huber O. Croft

Professor Huber O. Croft
Head of the Department.

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January 17, 1931

Wallace E. Nelson,
Alumni Secretary Class 1930,
1415 Byron Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Nelson:

I am sorry that I have been unable to get my letter to you before now, but it seems that every time I would get set to write you something would happen and I would have to put it off. I am very glad of this opportunity to say hello to the members of the Class of 1930. In your letter of December 1st you asked me numerous questions about myself. I am perfectly willing to answer these questions but I am afraid my answers would not be news to the others. I think I am more interested in the things the members of the class are doing than they are in me. When my copy of the letters arrive I expect to read every letter very carefully. I want to know what every boy is doing, and what progress they are making. For the present, therefore, I want to extend my very best wishes to every member of the Class of 1930 for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Very truly yours,

Geo. J. Keller

George J. Keller

GJK:AC

DEPARTMENT OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
The State University of Iowa
Iowa City

December 15, 1930

To the Members of the Class of 1930:

This is indeed, a very efficient idea, writing twelve letters at once, and it will be still better to hear from each member of last year's graduating class. I have had word directly from most of you men but the detailed account of just what each man is doing will interest me immensely. I was thinking the other day that I ought to write to each man next spring asking him to describe in a letter to me the things that he has done since he started work. Such a letter on the bulletin board would be of great interest to the undergraduates, particularly this year's seniors.

Yes, our classes are growing larger each year, in fact there are 60% more junior and senior students registered in Mechanical Engineering this year than last. The College of Engineering as a whole has also had an increase in enrollment.

In order to make our work in Industrial Engineering and Management more thorough and effective, I am now giving instruction in Micromotion Study. This work is included in the course in Production Control. The department is purchasing motion picture equipment which will be used for laboratory experiments and for class room demonstrations in motion study. There is considerable interest shown in this new "tool of industry" and it is not at all unlikely that some research work will be carried on in this field here soon.

Perhaps an illustration would not be out of place in this volume, so I am including a picture of this year's Corn Monument. As usual the Mechanical Engineers made a fine contribution to the Homecoming decorations.

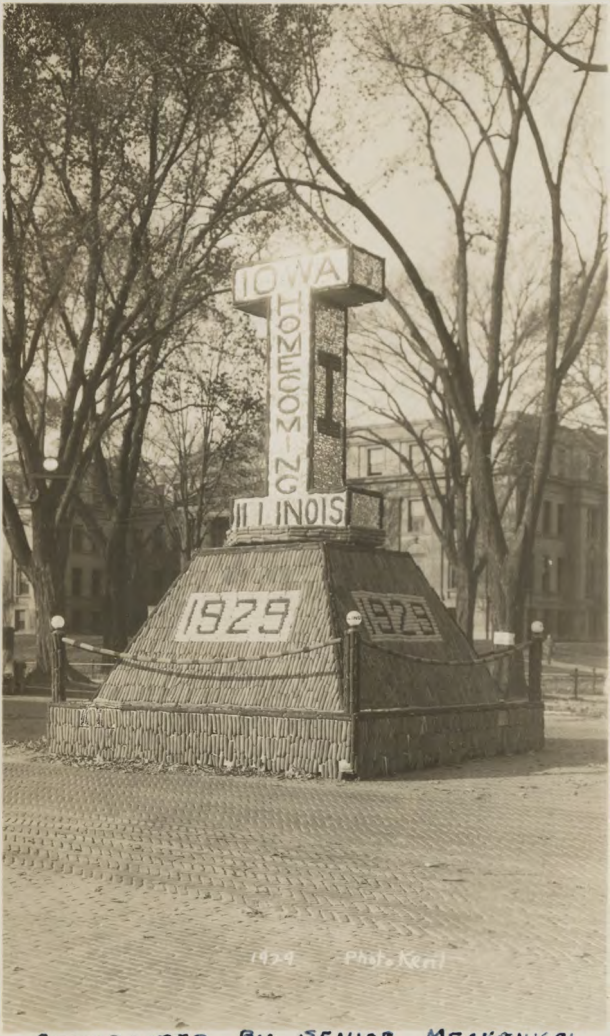
I am looking forward with pleasure to receiving this volume of letters which Nelson is collecting. I hope he has better luck getting the letters in on time than I had last year getting your laboratory reports--but why bring that up.

Wishing you the very greatest success for the coming year, I am

Sincerely yours,

Ralph M. Barnes

Ralph M. Barnes
Associate Professor of Industrial Engineering



CONSTRUCTED BY SENIOR MECHANICAL ENGINEERING STUDENTS 1929 (Nov.)

Iowa City, Iowa
December 30, 1930

Mechanical Engineers
Class of 1930 S.U.I.

I am glad to hear from Wallace Nelson and to know that he is getting started in his profession. I am sure that these yearly letters from each member of the Class of 1930 will be inspiring to all of us and will be a means in keeping our contacts, and retaining our pleasant relations.

The teaching staff in the department is the same as last year. Some changes in courses which we made last year are being put in operation this year. The Machine Design which you had the first semester of your senior year is now being given the second semester of the senior year, and a more advanced course is being given the first semester of the senior year.

The new Mechanical Laboratories were under discussion last year now bid fair to become a reality this coming spring. I am enclosing a clipping from the December issue of the University-News Bulletin showing the architect's drawing of the building as it will appear.

The present senior mechanical class is some larger than last year and the present junior class is considerably larger than any we have had to my knowledge. It is being conducted in two sections. Next year's senior class will be a large one.

Anxiously awaiting a copy of the 1930 "Volume" and with best wishes for your success in your new work, I am

Yours very truly,

Thos. G. Caywood.

Brownway Apts. No. 8,
Oakley Sta. Cincinnati, Ohio.
December 12, 1930.

Dear Classmates:

A letter from that most faithful of class secretaries, Wallie Nelson, informs me that he is now collecting the "dope" for our annual class letter. I therefore take the liberty of offering a brief resume of such of my recent activities as will bear inspection.

I did not take any vacation in June but spent the first two weeks training a number of new map salesmen in western Iowa. After another week similarly spent in Minnesota, I collected my wife and various other necessities and succeeded in departing for northern Wisconsin before my creditors closed in on me. We located at Superior and I spent the next few weeks doing a little selling on my own account in that vicinity. Business proved to be very good and I sold many maps to the saloons and other incidental businesses.

About July 15th I applied for more territory and was granted the entire upper peninsular of Michigan. We immediately transferred to Houghton in the heart of the copper country where we spent six very enjoyable weeks. Located on a narrow peninsular jutting up into Lake Superior, Houghton proved to be one of the few cool spots in a badly parched nation. At no time during the summer was the temperature above 92°.

Leaving Houghton we spent the remaining weeks of the summer at Iron River, Michigan. Iron River is located in a rather large belt of underground iron mines and like most of the upper peninsular towns is "wide open". It was also like the other towns, however, in being a good place to sell maps and when we left Michigan on October 1st, I had sold and delivered 666 loose-leaf Atlases, not less than 200 of which were bought by saloon keepers.

All in all I had a most enjoyable and an extremely profitable summer. I trust you will overlook any seeming conceit on my part when I say that I finished the season at the top of the entire sales force by a very wide margin and the offer of permanent employment that I received from the National Map Company very nearly caused me to give the engineering profession a break.

Some two or three months ago I chanced one day to discover my wife sewing blithely away on some little garments. Needless to say it was quite a shock to learn that I was to undergo the ordeal of paternity in a few weeks. It was all arranged that the little girl was to be called Lorraine. He arrived November 30th and is already named Lawrence Edwin, Jr. Eight pounds of bone and muscle he looks

like a potential engineer if ever there was one. I therefore wish to avail myself of this opportunity to formally announce myself as the first father of the class. I do not expect anyone to contest my claim openly. Anyway, I am rather proud of the little scamp and I am sorry I won't be able to furnish a picture for this letter. I promise one for next year.

On October 13th I began my career as an engineer and you will all get a big laugh when I tell you what I've been doing, at least all of you who remember how I contrived to drop nearly all of my design courses. So far my work has consisted solely of drafting and there is every reason to expect this state of affairs to continue for at least six months more, after which I hope to know conveyors well enough to sell them. In any event, I am not complaining. I like my work and find it interesting and can readily see the necessity for the drafting.

I look forward with great enthusiasm to receiving the class letter and shall be disappointed if every one of you isn't represented there by a letter at least as long as this one. We are truly fortunate in having so efficient and willing a secretary on whom to depend for the heaviest job of all in connection with getting out this letter. No, Wallie, that isn't sarcasm.

I shall be very glad to hear from any of you at any time.

Wishing you all the best of everything, I remain,

A Classmate,

(Signed) Lawrence E. Allen (Sr.)

401 Salem Ave.
Dayton, Ohio.

Hello Pals,

Wallie says, "Confessions of 1930" are due so we'll proceed to confess. Frigidaire still claims me body and soul five and a half days a week and sometimes more. Landing here the middle of June I found myself more or less an orphan in that I was alone in my class, being the only taking a straight engineering course. There are several others however taking the regular course, two of which are my roommates. The regular course is not so good as it has been in former years due to the business depression together with the loss of the two men who were heading it. As for myself I have been connected with product engineering since starting and my work has been entirely on the board. Everything from tracing to design and on practically every part that goes into the makeup of a refrigerator. The work has been interesting and instructive at times and at others, like all board work, rather boresome. But I think there is no room for complaint as I have kept my job which is at least one accomplishment these days, and now have a promise of a transfer to take place shortly after the first of the year. It will be either into the testing or research departments.

I am not entirely sold on Frigidaire or General Motors but am satisfied for the present. When it comes time to move on I think I shall try to get into some other branch of engineering other than refrigeration and with some other

company for I still hold the theory that a young man just out of college should move on every year or so and into a new fielf for the first few years for the varied experience and back-ground. It remains to be seen tho wheather I put it into practice or not.

Dayton is one nice little city and is decdely not one of the hustle and bustle type. It reminds me a great deal of Iowa City grown up. For the person who does not crave to much excitement it is ideal. It offers plenty of opportunity for both amusement and education. It has more golf courses both large and small for its size than any other city I believe. Everyone plays , and next spring will find me chasing the pill right along with the rest. For winter recreation I have taken up bowling but my scores for both games is about the same.

The groupe I have picked up with are practically all college men and most of them work at the plant. Seven of us are rooming at a private home and we have quite a batchlors club. To any of you who may be in doubt as to my present standing, I am single and what is more am tied to no womans apron strings. It is a great life to be free and single once again.

You probably all remember Eddie Sittler. He is working with Frigidaire. Has been here a year and a half and is working in the research department. He likes his job quite well and is free, single and happy.

Since coming to Dayton I haven't spent all of my time here. A bunch of us were up to a summer resort about sixty miles from here for the fourth of July and the week end.

Labor day week end I spent in Detroit with Clark and Hardwick. They were kind and showed me the sights of their fair city and more especially the Detroit Edison plant at Connor's Creek. We had quite a time comparing experiences and speculating as to how the rest of the boys were getting along. It seemed almost like old times down in the M. E. room. Got to see one foot ball game, or rather see Michigan take the game from Ohio at Columbus. At present am planning on spending a week in Iowa between Christmas and New Years, as I have a weeks vacation coming this year having been with the company six months. While there I hope to spend at least a part of a day in Iowa City and see how the old school is coming along and perchance meet some of you and at least some of our instructors.

Lawrance Allen dropped in on us one Sunday and we had quite a visit, and right now I want to extend an invitation to each and everyone of you and that is that any time you are in or near Dayton just drop around we'll find something to do if it is no more than talk.

As ever,

Bergie

Bergie.

9333 Jefferson East
Detroit, Michigan
Dec. 19, 1930

Dear Fellows:

The time has finally arrived for a little summary of my first six months of experience as a Junior Technical Engineer for The Detroit Edison Company.

I started work the 16th of June and the 17th I was set to work on a heat balance for the entire plant. I then worked in the office for a month making the daily plant reports. This was more or less routine work, but gave me a general idea about the plant. I was then sent to the instrument gang where I was to help check and test the instruments. I stayed in this department for about two months and was then shifted to help test condensers.

The condenser testing was carried on by a German who, until recently, has been working for the Worthington Pump Company. We tested two large condensers, and in one the back pressure was reduced one inch, while in the other (which was a better condenser) the back pressure was reduced 0.2 of an inch. One can get a general idea as to the size of the tests by the fact that there were thirteen men busy continuously collecting data. After the test was finished, the real work began, that is, calculating the data. In this work we used a lot of thermo and our "Old Friend" the Mollier Chart, so it proved very interesting.

To date, I have been working at Connors Creek Power Plant. This is one of the oldest plants in the company, but plans are under way for its reconstruction with a total cost of $37,000,000. The work was to begin Dec. 1, 1930, but due to the late depression, the plans have been changed and the work will begin in the near future. The new plant is to have a capacity of 360,000 kw. This power is to be furnished by six 60,000 kw. turbines. The new plant is to operate at

either 400 or 600 pounds pressure.

Hardwick and myself, along with two other fellows, live in an apartment and, believe it or not, we are learning to cook. In fact, we think we are good, so if any of you fellows come to Detroit drop in and see for yourselves.

The city of Detroit is quite a place to live in. One never finds it difficult to find something to do. All in all, I like the town, company and my job, so everything is O.K.

Yours truly,

C. H. Clark.

C. H. Clark

Kansas City, Mo.
Jan. 10, 1930.

Dear Gang:

I am just as late getting this letter written as I used to be with those old steam experiments. You see, fellows there was not an old letter to copy from.

Just now I am wondering what to put in this letter and the only thing that may help me out is that I know what I would like to find out about the gang. I will be a real pleasure when I read all of those letters and find out what you are all doing.

I am still making soap and really, fellows, it doesn't smell half so bad around the plant as I expected it to. I happened to get into the engineering department so I really don't make the soap anyway.

I worked on the drafting board for three days (plenty). My next job was that of trying to estimate the cost of labor and materials on the different repair and maintenance jobs that were to be done. The 'Powers That Be' decided to find out something else so they gave me the foremanship job over about sixty men. These men were supposed to do any part of the repair and maintenance jobs that we had, from building railroads to cleaning sewers. That job really made me go. Just now, I have another job. I am supposed to check up on the steam consumption of all of the equipment in the plant. When the job is finished, I am supposed to report where savings can be made and recommend any changes in equipment or methods which seem necessary.

Procter and Gamble is really a fine company and a good place to work, but just what they expect of you is sometimes hard to tell. I am just waiting to tell some of those teachers back at school that more is expected of you during the first six months than they ever told us about. This company seems to pray that it hired a genius in every college man and are very disappointed if he doesn't pan out that way. Yes, I think they are disappointed in me.

I like Kansas City very much but really can't say that I have as much fun here as I did in Iowa City. I am living in an apartment with Sid Price and two other young fellows and we really have a lot of fun. There are six K.C. medical students living here too. Oh yes, I almost forgot that there are six unatached "ladies" living here who work or do something during the day time. At any rate there is quite a bit of "life" around here but I am still working hard and don't offer any competition to the rest of the boys.

I don't have anything of interest to tell you or to keep from you, but watch my old pal Clarence Clark and see what he is doing. Hamil's prophecy, in my case, was all wrong; I am still a bachelor and seem to be staying that way. 'NUFF SAID,

Your old classmate,
Earl Davis

P.S. If any of you fellows come to Kansas City, don't forget that I live at 1605 West 37th St. K.C.Mo. Phone Westport 9191.

December 13, 1930
533 South Van Buren St.
Iowa City, Iowa

Dear Wally & all the 1930 Graduates in Mechanical Engineering:-

At present I am listening to the Army & Navy football game so if I say something about somebody crashing thru' the line forgive it.

As some of you may already know, I am back in school and hope to finish up this year. I find the work here easier for me now than it was before and believe it or not I am puttin' in the work that I should have done last year.

I am quite in favor of this composite letter from all the members of the '30 class of Mechanical Engineering, that you, Wally, told me of. It was the first that I had known any thing about it and I will try to do all I can to co-operate with you in this letter.

Everything here is just about as it was last year when you fellows were in school, therefore, I find it hard to find any news to tell you that you don't know already. I hope that next year at this time I may be lucky enough to have a job and be able to tell you something of more interest than this letter contains.

I am sure I will be glad to hear from all you fellows in the letter. To be a little bit sentimental I must say that I miss the "old gang" and that the bunch that I am going through with now doesn't seem like the right "gang" for me.

Good luck to All of you,

Cecil C. Fawcett

9333 E. Jefferson
Detroit, Michigan
Dec. 19, 1930

Dear fellows:

The due date for the first installment of our class letter has rolled around so fast that I have very little of interest or importance to relate regarding my career thus far; however, I shall do my best.

My first six months in the employ of The Detroit Edison Company were spent observing the work, and having the work of 18 different departments explained to me in considerable detail. I was not supposed to do any work other than find out all I could about the entire company, which I found to be quite a task. Each Saturday morning I attended lectures given by various department heads, at which time management and organization problems were treated in round-table discussion style.

Included in this six months training course was a weeks inspection trip of the main factories of Detroit. Some of the plants visited were Ford's River Rouge Plant, U.S. Rubber Plant, Electromaster Stove Factory, Parke-Davis Drug Company, Michigan Copper & Brass Company, Detroit Salt Mine (1100 ft. deep), and about six others.

This Cadet Course proved to be a detailed training course in Public Utility engineering, organization, and policy; besides affording me an opportunity to see nearly all of the company's property, and a great deal of the city of Detroit.

I am now located for an indefinite period in the Mechanical Engineering Division of the Research Department. This department is concerned with conducting all engineering investigations for the Power Sales Department, testing all materials and equipment

purchased by the company, and has considerable to do with all tests made throughout the company. My work requires that I do quite a bit of studying as part of each job to which I am assigned.

So far I have found my work to be very pleasant and interesting. Detroit is far superior in every respect to any city that I have ever visited. Needless to say, I am very much satisfied.

This is a very brief resume of my progress so far, but trusting that it will suffice, I will sign off, wishing you all the best of the season's greetings.

Yours very truly,

Pearl I. Hardwick

Pearl I. Hardwick

Dec. 19, 1930

Dear Wally:

Since I got your hastily dashed epistle asking me to write my letter, how to write it, and what-not, I have been busier than the proverbial cat on a tin roof. Just befor you wrote I'd got my break. You know when one starts working for anyone, wheather it be an entrepreneur, as Dakin would say or a large Company like duPonts, one is sort of eased along for the first few months before a real live job is given to him; a job taking a little responsibility. Well, about November 1 I got my chance. I'd better go back to the beginning of my work, however.

When I first come out here, last June 23, I hated the place. I was started to work at the Dye Works where all the new men in our department are started until, as the boss told me, "they get the big idea."

The first day I was put on a job making a steam power study in the Azo building, where the red, green, blue, black and many other colors for your clothes come from. Also the coloring for ethyl gasoline is made in that building. I was to run down any leaks, make recommendations for more economical consumption of steam and try to cut down a peak load which was showing up daily at the same hour. I had a devil of a time writing my report, it being my first one, but I finally got it done and was accepted as fairly good. That was my first week.

Next I was given a section of the plant on a 10" steam line with the idea of cutting down the peak load on the line. There were about fifty buildings in my section and I read 30 steam meters every morning for two months, keeping a daily account of each one and balancing the sum against a parent meter on the whole line. In addition I began making individual studies on each b. building the same as I had done in Azo. As a whole I made rather a bad job, in that I didn't get finished, although the data I collected is being used. But I got into one building that was rather run down and stayed right there making studies on raw water, filtered water, air, brine and electricity. That job was fairly successful and a few changed were made which netted the Company a substantial saving.

I was kept on power until last month when another kid and myself were given charge of a new plant that was being put into operation. That was my break. In

case you don't know, all the ethyl for gasoline is made here at the Dye Works. The Ethyl Gasoline Corporation leases a section of land from the Company and blends it here just as it comes from the Tetra Ethyl Lead buildings, then ships it to the different gasoline companies. Well, in making lead ethyl, the lead alloy has to be ground in an atmosphere of nitrogen to keep it from oxidizing. The Company was buying the nitrogen in cylinders and it was costing a pretty sum daily. Mr. Amick, head of our division here on the Dye Works, a mechanical engineer, made recommendations for a nitrogen plant with the necessary list of yearly savings which would be affected by the installation. In our division we have no authority to make changes. In a way we act as sort of consulting engineers and if we can show that the change will save the Company money they can't refuse. Then, generally we carry on an experiment to find the best method. This is done by a fund appropriated yearly. In the instance of the nitrogen plant, however, the project showed such a yearly saving that the management said, "We'll build you a plant to your specifications and you can experiment on the plant." (The only time they've every done that.) Our job was to make it work. We did. The nitrogen is made by burning hydrogen and air. It was sort of ticklish at first. The hydrogen combines with the oxygen in the air to from water and the nitrogen is left. The hydrogen is obtained from the supply here on the plant. They make hydrogen and chlorine gas which is burned together to make HCL. (Incidently the best white HCL is made here.) There was and still is an excess of hydrogen made which was bled off to the air. Therefore the hydrogen costs nothing. The plant was originally designed to make 20,000 cu. ft. per. day. Then they said they wanted at least 30,000. We are now making 36,000 and Lead Ethyl says they are getting a better yield than they did with the other which is something that wasn't counted on when the savings was estimated. This is the only plant of its kind in existance. What tickles me is that Amick, a Mechanical engineer developed it. Can't beat mechanical engineering trainging. There are some smart chemists here though.

As I said before, it was what I thought as my chance. I was sort of second in command and I worked to beat the band. Many nights I stayed here all night because when you start in production with other operations depending on you things have to run and keep running. Well, I just got the news yesterday and I guess they think I've got the "big idea". Anyhow I'm being transferred to the Parlin, N.J. plant where nitro-cellulose products are made. It was a big surprise to me because there are six fellows here that came with the Company last year and haven't been transferred yet. I'm going to have a little harder job but I could'nt refuse although

I had the choice of staying here. Here is a good place to get experience and lots of it. As long as you make good you are transfered, I'm told.

I feel there is a wonderful chance for advancement here. Our department is just new in the DuPont system, having been organized just three years ago and is expanding rapidly. The work is varied and interesting; the pay is good. So what more could one want. I'm satisfied for the present.

About Wilmington. It's a heck of a place to live. There are more rick buggers than you can shake a stick at. This city is noted for having more dollars per head than any other city in the U. S. But the thing is,--only a few have it all. Wilmington has all the disadvantages of a big city and none of the advantages. That is there's noise and traffic and all, but nothing for amusement like Iowa City for instance. There isn't even a theater as nice as the Englert. The girls here all have pretty legs, homely faces, and are snooty as hell, paint like wild indians and are great on outdoor sports like ocean bathing. They just love to go to the beach and bask in the sun. I've been to Philidelphia several times; did some Christmas shopping there last Tuesday. I haven't been to Atlantic City but intend to go next summer. I was down to Washington and Annapolis and here is a good one on me. When I first got off the bus I walked right past the White House wondering what that big building was. I didn't make the mistake of asking someone though. Also for the benefit of the other astronomers in our gang, Johnny Mougin and Earl Davis, I visited the U. S. Navel Observatory and looked through the 36" telescope at Saturn and boy the gings were plain. The chief astronomer there, Harry Burton, and his wife are from the home town Onawa, Iowa so I'm going down again sometime and have a good look. The night I was there Dr. Morehouse, president of Drake was also a visitor and praised Prof. C. C. Wylie's work on meteors.

I've been rushed for time and am writing this while at work. I don't do anything. We are turnign the plant over to the operationsand all I'm here for is just in case anything happens. IT's my last day here on this plant. If I get this done before I go home I'll have to stop now. I hope you like your work as well as I like mine. Of course we all have some hard spots but all we can do is make the best of them and get something better when it comes along.

Here's to the Mechanicals of '30.

As ever,

Kenney

Dear Gang:

And now 6 months have passed and I have not quite adjusted myself to the art of making a living. There were two subjects I avoided purposely in school, they were radio and aircraft. As the fates would have it I now am doing design work and to make it worse, the stuff I am developing is Aircraft Radio. If those personnel men who interviewed me at school think they have uncovered my latent yearning, my life's work, etc., they have another guess coming. I get my inspiration to work by looking at the bread lines.

Business is pretty bad in New York. Most industries are running part time and a tremendous number of people are out of work. There are bread lines, army trucks feeding the unemployed and police stations giving away food. Still they are building bigger buildings and theatres. It is good that the people are optimistic. They all say to themselves "Better days are coming."

However, all this is getting away from the point of my letter. I am still avoiding the ranks of the Benedicts and am getting three square meals a day and, like many other college men, am waiting for business to pick up so that I can get into another kind of work, perhaps teaching.

A Merry Christmas, i. e. one with lots of snow - and a <u>wet</u> New Year to you all.

Cordially,

(Signed) Bill McLarney

Newton, Iowa.
December 9, 1930.

Mechanical Engineers.
Class of '30.

Classmates:-

Just as a beginning I am going to say that I received a letter from Mr. Wallace Nelson the other day, I was quite surprised because I had not heard anything from him since we left school. Here was my first thought. Well, just another good fellow gone wrong and now he is in the market for a washing machine. Then, on opening the letter I found that I was all wrong and that Mr. Nelson was just doing his part in our scheme of keeping up class relations. Give him a hand fellows he is still alright.

Well, this certainly brings back what are now memories of the good old days at Iowa. I am wondering how all of you fellows are getting along. No doubts as to your ability to succeed but was wondering how you like it by now. As for myself I think I learning fast now. Still have a heap to learn. I like it fine with the Automatic Washer Co., and am not a bit sorry I came here.

Well, that is enough space devoted to serious thoughts. So I guess I'll try something different. I haven't heard from or seen anything of K.W. Sanger for a long time. I speak of him because I have always marvelled at the accuracy with which he could work with a slide rule. Five places with little difficulty.

Now let me see. Earl Davis- Oh yes, Earl was doing very well while in school. He used to meet her quite regularly after classes and I wouldn't be at all surprised.

Of course it is a different story with Mr. Einstein, No, No, Mr. Bergsten I mean. All we can do is hope for the best. Bergsten - Frigidaire. Is that right? Well here is for more cold in your refrigerators, Bergsten.

Hardwick-Detroit-Edison. I'll bet they have all the switches within reach tied by this time. Well Hardwick how are they going so far? Do you ever see anything of Mr. Clark of the Detroit-Edison. I'll bet Clarence shows the boys how to get the old superheat. Oh Boy!

Rock-Kari-Keen. Neat, sturdy, low cost.
We sell at a loss but we sell so many we can afford to do it.
Say did you ever design any more new punch presses yet Rocklin?
When you come to Newton don't forget to drop in and look over our layout at the Automatic.

You will now hear Mr. McLarney of New York City. He will give his views on the present economic situation. "How are they going, Mac?

And there is Mr. Hamil. Well kenney you are a long way from here if you are still in New Jersey. I could say a lot of mean things and probably get away with it. But I won't. How is everthing Down East? I still wish you were out here with me.

Mr. Allen - You know fellows I've never been quite capable of figuring out whether Allen got his degree in Engineering, Commerce or Medicine. I know he got a degree because I can still see him walking bravely forward on Commencement Day. As best I can I think he turned out to be a Mechanical Engineer. How is the Sales end, Allen. I imagine a little tough this year.

Well gentlemen, I think Ive written enough. Probably too freely. I also hope I haven't forgotten anyone of the class in this letter. Ive tried hard not to, but time dulls memories. If I have I want to wish him all the luck in the world.

Now I want to leave you with this thought. When you are contemplating the step of your life, don't forget the "Silent Cable Drive Automatic Washer!"

Yours with a clean shirt every day.

JFM/D

John F. Mangin

1415 Byron Street,
Chicago, Illinois.
January 11, 1931.

Dear Classmates and Teachers:

The eve of the second of June found me at my home on the farm a tired but happy boy. I spent twelve days visiting with my old friends and surely did enjoy myself. I am looking forward to my vacation when I shall again visit the old familiar haunts.

A heavy traveling bag in each hand called for a trip. At noon on June fourteenth I boarded the train for Chicago. At least I depended on it since the station agent, local newsboy, negro porter, and the conductor all seemed sincere when they said, "Yes, sonny, this big, long, shiny train goes to Chicago". No! I deny that; the agent did not try to sell me a half fare ticket! The trip was uneventful except for a misunderstanding which I had with a woman. She spoke fluent Norwegian, and though it is true that my ancestors hail from the peninsular, the best I can do is to understand a few Swedish words. I had to sit beside her all the way. The map of Norway would now be an easy assignment in drawing for me.

A fraternity brother met me at the La Salle Street Station. From then on is a blur. I remember a cruel bump on the leg, and a rude push from the rear which cleared me off the baggage elevator, and finally I was popped out on a long platform. Since then I have found out that this was an elevated train station. My chum chose a three-car outfit for the next part of the trip. A noisy wild ride for about five miles seemed to suit my friend because he told me to get off the train and watch my step. I obeyed him, yes, obey is the word as I was almost whipped by that time. I pulled my watch out only to find that it was an hour slow. I was advised to move the hand ahead one hour in order to conform to daylight saving time. With the moving of that hand I too jumped ahead of my old world. This city is fast, progressive, and a nice place to live. Who said that? "If you can keep alive."

On the morning of June sixteenth I ushered myself into the office of Roberts and Schaefer Company, on the eleventh floor of the gum cathedral (Wrigley Building). Without much ado I was placed on the site of my first battle with ink and tough detailers. Yes, it was tracing cloth covering a dandy pine board. A week of fussing and stewing resulted in a drawing which they finally managed to use. Enough said. Since then I have done jobs of all descriptions, none of great responsibility, but many were pleasant and informing. I puzzle over conveyors, hoists, chutes, gates, stairs, trestle ways, and tipple towers day after day. I am not at all anxious to stay on a board, but I realize that success in our profession depends upon an excellent knowledgeof our language, namely drafting.

The Tri-City section of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers gave me a junior membership just as they promised. You can be sure that I was pleased to accept it. On November first the officials of my company gave me a membership in the Junior Association of Commerce of Chicago. I am proud and appreciate their interest in me. I have already made many pleasant contacts while attending various functions of this strong association of young business men.

That should be enough as far as confessions go as Bergie puts it. By the way, I saw that buzzard on the night of January first. He is fat and active as ever. Bubbling over with energy, and gradually becoming an engineer. Sure was glad to see him; we had three hours pretty evenly divided between us. I got a word in between his puffs on a cigar and usually held the floor until my breath was all gone. You will grant that he is competition. Well, he was just practise for my encounter with Rocky. This possibility lives within shooting distance from me. Some change for the better can be seen in him. He put me wise to sending telegrams collect. He would. That stunt did get results. Enough said. Boy, but it feels good to shake a classmate's hand.

Now to go on. We surely were dumped on the world at a time when it was tough sledding, saying the least. By living through this business depression I am sure that we have learned many a valuable lesson; and that we are trained fundamentally for the great period of re-organization which is soon to come. Good habits in handling money and products will be our first stepping stone towards success. I am satisfied that the thread-worn suit of 1930 is the root of a fine wardrobe. This was not only a depression, but it was also a repression of big ideas, resulting in a sane and sturdy foundation for future progress. Things are looking up, let's go!

It is true that we did not build the very fine monument, a picture of which graces our cover, but I do think that we inspired the Class of 1931 by the one we built last year. I congratulate the 31's on a clever piece of work. Thank you kindly, Mr. Barnes, for the negative. I hope that a picture of the new Mechanical laboratory will soon be available.

I have had lots of fun whipping this letter into shape, but I guess I will need to whip a few of the fellows. No, I don't feel that way. It is hard to sit down and write a letter of this kind. As the years go by I expect to train you in the art to the extend that our yearly mail reunion will be an event instead of a chore. I appreciate and thank you for the interest and cooperation shown thus far. I promise you better service next year. I'd like to hear any suggestion that you might have. Telegrams collect was the first good one that I received. Let's have some more like it.

In closing I wish all my readers a most pleasant and propperous New Year.

Sincerely yours, Wallace E. Nelson.
(Signed) Wallace E. Nelson.

Somewhere in Iowa,
December 18, 1930.

Hello Gang:

Someone with a nautical turn of mind said, "Join the Navy and See the World". Well, I joined the Telephone Company and am well on the way toward seeing that one forty-eightn of the 'Cradle of Liberty' known as Iowa. My work is to try to find out what is the matter with all of the Telephone Companies' exchanges and then, last but not least, to try to fix them. My biggest job has been to keep the men with whom I have been working from finding out how little I really know about what I'm doing. I had a lot of practice doing that for the last five years though and have been fairly successful. After about six months I can say with certainty and I know the difference between a receiver and trnas-mitter.

Seriously though, my work has proven very interesting. It comprises testing the Bell and connecting company exchanges with respect to transmission. If the losses in transmission in any circuit are over a specified amount, it is up to the Transmis-sion Inspectors to locate the trouble. Its like looking for the proverbial 'Needle in the Haystack'. If you don't believe that its interesting, just try it ---- either the transmission testing or looking for the needle ---- I don't care.

From all indications everything seems to be going along at the old school just as though we had never left. No doubt several of you were so fortunate as to get back during the Homecom-ing celebration. I wish that I could have been there to have seen you, the decorations, the game, and to have become reimbued with the old Iowa Spirit (now don't get me wrong).

I did get back during registration week. It was then I learned that something I had always thought I had kept a dark secret had perhaps crept out. I was talking to the Dean in the presence of several embryo engineers who were diligently employed in going through with the penmanship lessons contingent with the registration agonies. In trying to say something witty I remarked to Mr. Williams that I would like to register and inquired of him what 'pipe' courses the school had to offer. He bestowed upon me a diabolical smile and remarked,"I'm sorry, Mr. Plumly, but I don't believe we have anything to offer you ---- YOU TOOK ALL OF THOSE WHEN YOU WERE HERE." That's what I get for taking Thermodynamics. I took my bow (not the kind that rhymes with arrow) and sneaked out, when my strength returned, and hied myself to the Transit Office where I recuperated enough to drag myself out into the fresh air. And to think they pay Bill Rogers real money.

Well, you ex-book worms, I could rave on for hours like this writing lots of words and saying nothing; as Mr. Croft, Mr. Barnes, or any of the staff at Iowa probably already know; but I'm not going to, I'll just leave a little room for the letters of some of you men that may have something worth while to say.

So long, Mechanicals, I'm looking forward to reading what all of you have to say for yourselves.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Mark Plumly.

426 Eleventh Street,
Rochelle, Illinois.
January 1, 1931.

Fellow Classmates and Gentlemen of the Faculty:

As I just told Wallace Nelson in the letter which will accompany this one to him, the writing of this "Class Letter " should be an ideal beginning for the year of 1931. Especially, since Wallie has already written twice asking that I get it in right away.

I chose, as the recipient of the benefits from my education, the Midwest Canning Corporation, owner of six large canning plants in northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin, with main offices at Rochelle, Illinois. The Midwest is a subsidiary of the California Packing Corporation, a fifty-million dollar organization controlling the operations of some 120, or more, canning factories throughout the United States and its possessions.

Upon the tenth of last June, carrying two suitcases laden with a few books and some clothes, and with three dollars in my pockets, I reported for duty at the main office in Rochelle. Within two hours of my arrival in Rochelle I was on my way to De Kalb, a town of 11,000 people and the location of one of the company's largest and most modern plants, in company with the superintendent of the plant. At this factory peas and corn are the only two products canned. When I arrived on the scene the pea machinery was being put in order for the coming pack and for the first few days my time was spent in wandering around the plant, looking things over. In this manner I received my introduction to the canning game.

Pea pack started on the fifteenth of June and lasted until the latter part of July. And it was certainly a great old grind. We generally started at seven in the morning and quite often canned until four or five, and sometimes six o'clock the next morning. Throughout the pack we worked an average of probably 15 hours a day, Sundays included. A hard life but always interesting.

Corn pack was begun early in August and completed about the middle of September, being, in the character of the work and the number of working hours in a day, somewhat a repetition of pea pack. During the canning season, I continued the practice of observation, working intermittently whenever I could find a use for my services. During these summer months one fact in particular impressed itself quite clearly upon my mind, namely, that the man whose education is so limited as to permit little or no betterment of his present condition, is likely to do all in his power to keep others from passing him, especially those fortunate enough to obtain a college education.

After corn pack the center of operations drifted from the plant to the warehouse where our pack of over 500,000 cans of peas and corn were stored waiting shipment. If any of you have ever worked in the warehouse of a canning factory you can readily understand what I mean when I state that warehouse work is real manual labor. There isn't an easy job in the place and there aren't many chances to rest. After a fellow has handled three or four thousand cases, weighing from 40 to 55 pounds each, in ten hours he feels as if he has really done a day's work. And that was my lot until the twentieth of October, when I was transferred to the main office here at Rochelle.

For about two months after my transfer I was given a chance to rest up a bit. Most of this time was drawing preliminary plans for new building additions and doing a little work on machinery layouts. As all of the detail work is done by the engineering department of the parent organization on the coast, my work was only of a rough nature and therefore not very difficult, luckily for me I imagine.

But such luck was too good to last, it seems, because one day a couple of weeks before Christmas, I was sent over to the warehouse of one of the local plants to help get out some rush orders. These orders have continued to come in so I have continued helping and at present am still tossing cases of canned goods around.

And here ends the first installment. Taken as a whole, I find my work quite agreeable and, fate permitting, I expect to continue. Since its organization six years ago, the Midwest Canning Corporation has been increasing its holdings at the rate of about a plant a year, having begun with two plants here at Rochelle, so from all appearances the opportunities here are very promising.

Whenever you are served with Del Monte peas, corn, beets, carrots, green lima beans, string beans, or sauerkraut, perhaps you will be reminded of the engineer who rather deserted his profession. But still, we have plenty of engineering problems in the canning industry and an engineer should be best fitted to solve them.

Wishing you all the best of success, I remain,

Your friend,

(Signed) K. W. Sanger.

501 N. Central Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois,
January 10, 1931.

FELLOWS:

Wally Nelson just called up and told me to get my letter in to him in a hurry. He means business too, so here goes.

Am single, happy, having a good time in the big city, and enjoy my work immensely.

I am with the Western Electric Company at Chicago. Their Hawthorne plant here is so doggoned large that I find it necessary to carry a guide book along with me at all times. To go through the plant is an education in itself. So many operations are performed in such a unique manner that it is sometimes inconceivable. It is a great training institution for a young engineer just out of school. Am learning something every day. Have made it a policy to take an hour off of my work each day to view various new and interesting operations. It is a very profitable scheme from an educational standpoint. I am called an Engineer of Manufacture, (among a number of other things), but titles don't mean much, you have to get your work out anyway.

Most of our divisions' work is of an executive nature. We deal mainly with the Bell Telephone Laboratories and the Production Branch. All new apparatus to be made at Hawthorne is submitted to us by the Laboratories for our comments as to design, manufacture, etc. Costs are then requested from the cost accountants and if they agree with our idea of what the cost of the article should be, the apparatus is approved for manufacture and turned over to the production people. Our work is not ended there, however, because if major kinks develop during the process of manufacture, we are called in to help straighten

them out. That's a job in itself. Try and satisfy the Laboratories, the supervisors, the workers and your owm conscience at the same time. It develops into a game, somebody has to be "it."

Each man in the division has jurisdiction over certain types of apparatus. I have charge of the Printer Telegraph, General Telegraph Apparatus, Miscellaneous Central Office Panel Dial Apparatus and other equipment that have to be petted and pampered to avoid receiving kicks from the Bell System, Western Union and other associated companies that use our products.

All sides of the manufacturing business are presented to us in our work. The problems that I encounter are many and varied. One minute I am occupied with costs of articles; awhile later, I have to face microscopic work; considering the design and construction of small intricate parts. My next case might be with regards to the moulding of large castings. Or it might be - well a million other different things. In our work we can't forecast our next day's duties. The thing I do is eat a hearty breakfast, sit down at my desk, hang on tight and hammer away - Good training? Boy, and how! You have to be on your toes all of the time.

Would sure like to be together with you fellows again. Remember when we cut classes, lagged pennies and told stories which nobody was expected to believe? Boy, what a bunch! Those were the good old days!

Yours Truly,

J. J. Rocklin

POST NO BILLS

Mr. Lawrence E. Allen,
Browning Apt. No. 8,
Oakley Station,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Milford A. Bergsten,
401 Salem Avenue,
Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. Clarence H. Clark,
9333 E. Jeff. St.,
Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. Earl Davis,
1605 West 37th Street,
Kansas City, Missouri.

Mr. Cecil C. Faucett,
533 S. Van Bureu Street,
Iowa City, Iowa.

Mr. G. S. Eige,
2 Lackay Terrace,
Marshalltown, Iowa.

Mr. Pearl Hardwick,
9333 E. Jeff. St.,
Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. James K. Hamil,
Du Pont Mfg. Company,
Parlin, New Jersey.

Mr. Richard N. Lyons,
Albany, Illinois.

Mr. Bill McLarney,
Room 108, 180 Verich St.,
New York, New York.

Mr. John F. Mougin,
122 North 3d Avenue W.
Newton, Iowa.

Mr. Wallace E. Nelson,
1415 Byron Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Mark Plumly,
Northwestern Bell Telephone Co.,
Carroll, Iowa.

Mr. K. W. Sanger,
426 Eleventh Street,
Rochelle, Illinois.

Mr. T. J. Rocklin,
501 North Central Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Ambrose Weiskircher,
Granville, Iowa.

CUT ON LINE & HAVE IT HANDY.